A

DESCRIPTION

OF

Mr. D—n's

FUNERAL.

A Poem.

The Third Edition, with Additions.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Baldwin* in *Warwicklane*,
M. DCC. Price 6 *d.*

A

DESCRIPTION, &c.

OF Kings Renown'd and Mighty Bards I write,
Some ſlain by Whores, and others kill'd in Fight;
Some ſtarving liv'd, whilſt others were prefer'd;
But all, when dead, are in one place inter'd.
A Fabrick ſtands by Antient Heroes built,
Deſign'd for Holy Uſe t' atone their Guilt;
Here ſacred Urns of Majeſty they keep,
Here Kings and Poets moſt profoundly ſleep;
Heer Choriſters in Hymns their Voices raiſe,
And charm the dreadful Goblins from the Place.
Tho throng'd with Tombs, no Specter here is found,
They ſing the very Devil off the Ground:
No Night-Mare dances 'mongſt the antient Tombs,
Nor ſulphurous *Incubus* diſpenſes Fumes;
Nor let no ſubterranean Hag afright
My Muſe, whilſt of the Funeral I write.

A Bard there was, who whilome did command,
And held the Lawrel in his potent Hand;
He o'er *Parnaſſus* bore Imperial Sway,
Him all the little Tribes of Bards obey:
But Bards and Kings, how e'er approv'd and great,
Muſt ſtoop at laſt to the Decrees of Fate.

Fate bid him for the ſtroke of Death prepare,
And then remov'd him to the Lord knows where.
If to the Living we ſuch Tributes owe,
We on the Dead muſt pious Rites beſtow;
To our Aſſiſtance all the Wits muſt call,
To grace the Glory of the Funeral.

Who is the firſt appears unto our View,
But haughty, proud, imperious *M*----
Who cocks his Chin, and ſcarce affords a VVord,
But looks as big as any *Belgick* Lord;
In the beſt Dairies fed, grown ſleek and fat,
The creeping *Mouſe* is turn'd into a *Rat*:
Of others brows he licks the toilſom Sweat,
And by our Sins grows impudently great:
As chief of VVits he does himſelf prefer,
And with our Gold bribes ev'ry Flatterer;
But Men of Senſe and Honour does deſpiſe,
And cruſhes ſuch as would by Virtue riſe,
VVhilſt each lewd Rakehel of the nauſeous Town
He fills with Coin, and does with Honours crown.
The Nation's VVealth he moſt profuſely ſpends,
But not on ſuch as are the Nation's Friends;
But ſuch as wrote our Country to inſlave,
His Kindneſs follows even to the Grave.
He the great Bard at his own Charge Inters,
And dying Vice to living VVorth prefers.

Some others too in the Affair are join'd,
Alike in Morals, and alike in Mind;
But theſe my Muſe muſt here forbear to name,
Scarce worthy Honour, or deſerving Fame.

The Day is come, and all the VVits muſt meet
From *Covent-Garden* down to *Watling-ſtreet*;
They all repair to the Phyſicians Dome,
There lies the Corps, and there the Eagles come:
No Corps an Entrance has within this Gate,
None are admitted here to lie in State,
But ſuch as Fate a noted Death has carv'd,
A Cutpurſe hang'd, or a poor Poet ſtarv'd;
One is anatomiz'd when he is dead,
The other in his Life for want of Bread.

A Troop of Stationers at firſt appear'd,
And *Jacob T----n* Captain of the Guard;
Jacob the Muſes Midwife, who well knows
To eaſe a lab'ring Muſe of Pangs and Throws;
He oft has kept the Infant-Poet warm,
Oft lick'd th' unweildy Monſter into Form;
Oft do they in high Flights and Raptures ſwell,
Drunk with the Waters of our *Jacob*'s Well.

Next theſe the Play-houſe Sparks do take their Turn,
With ſuch as under *Mercury* are born,
As Poets, Fidlers, Cut-purſes, and Whores,
Draps of the Playhouſe, and of Common-ſhores;

Pimps, Panders, Bullies, and Eternal Beaux,
Fam'd for ſhort VVits, loug VVigs, and gaudy Clothes;
All Sons of Meter tune the Voice in praiſe,
From lofty Strains, to humble Ekes and Ays:
The Singing-men and Clarks who charm the Soul,
And all the Traders in *fa la fa ſol:*
All theſe the Funeral Obſequies do aid,
As younger Brothers of the Rhyming Trade.

The tuneful Rabble now together come,
They fill with doleſome Sighs the ſable Room;
Some groan'd, ſome ſob'd, and ſome I think there wept,
And ſome got drunk, loll'd down, and ſnoar'd and ſlept.
Around the Corps in State they wildly preſs;
In Notes unequal, like Pindarick Verſe,
Each one does his ſad Sentiments expreſs.
The Player ſays, My Friends, we are undone,
See here, the Muſes beſt and darling Son
Is from us to the bleſt *Elizium* gone:
What other Poet for us will engage
To be the Prop of the declining Stage?
All other Poets are not worth a Louſe,
There fell the Prop of our once glorious Houſe:
But now from us by Fate untimely torn,
Leaves the dull Stage a Deſart and forlorn.
A diſmal Sadneſs in each Face appears;
And ſuch as could not ſpeak, burſt out in Tears:

His Death, alas! affected ev'ry Body,
And fetcht deep Sighs and Tears from ev'ry Noddy;
It much affected every tuneful Ringer,
But moſt of all the jolly Ballad-ſinger,
Who now at a Street's Corner muſt no more
A Play-houſe Song in equal Numbers roar:
Nay, I am told, when he his laſt Gaſp groan'd,
The Bel-rope trembl'd, and the Organ ton'd:
And as great things affect a little thing,
This was the Death of many a Fiddle-ſtring.
No Chronicles I read of do relate
Such a ſad Hurricane in Church and State.
The charming Songſters at our great S. *Paul's*
Cou'd ſcarce ſing Pray'rs to ſave their very Souls;
The Boys were dumb; the Singingmen were wounded,
All the whole Choir diſabl'd and confounded;
And when the Prayers were ended, alas then
The Clark could hardly ſob out an *Amen.*
Not a *Crowdero* at a Bawdy-houſe,
Who us'd in racy Liquors to carouſe,
But with ſad haſte unto the Burial ran,
Forgets his Tipple, and neglects his Can.
With Tag-Rag, Bob-Tail was the Room full fill'd,
You'd think another *Babel* to be built;
Not more Confuſion at St. *Batt's* fam'd Fair,
Or at *Guild-Hall* for choice of a Lord Mayor.

But ſtay my Muſe, the learned *G----th* appears,
He ſighing comes, and is half drown'd in Tears;
The famous *G----th* whom learned Poets call
Knight of the Order of the Urinal.
He of *Apollo* learnt his wondrous Skill,
He taught him how to ſing and how to kill;
For all he ſends unto the darkſom Grave,
He honours alſo with an Epitaph.
He entertain'd the Audience with Oration,
Tho very new, yet ſomething out of faſhion:
But 'cauſe the Hearers were with Learning bleſt,
He ſaid it in the Language of the Beaſt:
But ſo pronounc'd, the Sound and Senſe agrees,
A Country Mouſe talks better in a Cheeſe,
Or *Jack*-at-a pinch, when reeling he repairs
To neighb'ring Church to mumble o'er his Pray'rs.
The Senſe and Wit they ſay was very good,
Tho neither ſeen, felt, heard, nor underſtood.
Thus we muſt all, as common Rumour ſaith,
Believe the Doctor by implicit Faith:

Next him the Sons of Muſick paſs along,
And murder *Horace* in confounded Song;
VVhoſe Monument, more durable than Braſs,
Is now defac'd by every chanting Aſs.
No Man at *Tyburn*, doom'd to take a ſwinging,
VVould ſtay to hear ſuch miſerable Singing,

VVhere

Where all the Beaſts of Muſick try their Throats,
And different Species uſe their different Notes:
Here the Ox bellows, there the Satyr howls;
The Puppies whine, and the bold Maſtiff growls;
The Magpys chatter, and the Night-Owls ſcreek;
The old Pigs grunt, and all the young ones ſqueek:
Yet all together make melodious Songs,
As Bumpkin Trols to ruſty pair of Tongs.

Now, now the time is come, the Parſon ſays,
And for their *Exeunt* to the Grave he prays:
The Way is long, and Folk the Streets are clogging,
Therefore my Friends away, come let's be jogging.

Aſſiſt me thou who, clad in Sun-beam VVeeds,
Driv'ſt round the Orb each Day with fiery Steeds;
VVho neither art with Heat nor Cold oppreſt,
Art never weary, tho thou tak'ſt no reſt:
Aſſiſt me to deſcribe the Cavalcade,
VVhat mighty Figure thro the Streets they made.

Before the Herſe the mourning Hautboys go,
And ſcreech a diſmal ſound of Grief and VVo;
More diſmal Notes from Bogtrotters may fall,
More diſmal Plaints at *Iriſh* Funeral.
But no ſuch Flood of Tears e'er ſtopt our Tide
Since *Charles* the Martyr and the Monarch dy'd.
The Decency and Order firſt deſcribe,
VVithout regard to either Sex or Tribe.

The ſable Coaches lead the diſmal Van,
But by their ſides I think few Footmen ran,
Nor needed theſe, the Rabble fill the Streets,
And Mob with Mob in great Diſorder meets.
See next the Coaches how they are accouter'd
Both in the inſide, eke and on the outward.
One pocky Spark, one ſound as any Roach,
One Poet and two Fidlers in a Coach;
The Play-houſe Drab, that beats the Beggars Buſh,
And Bawdy talks, would make an old Whore bluſh,
By every Bully kiſs'd, good truth, but ſuch is
Now her good Fate to ride with Mrs. Dutcheſs.
Was e'er Immortal Poet thus buffoon'd?
In a long Line of Coaches thus lampoon'd?
A Man with Gout and Stone quite wearied,
Would rather live than thus be buried.
What greater Plague can Heav'n on Man beſtow,
Who muſt with Knaves on Life's dull Journy go?
And when on t' other Shoar he's landed ſafe,
A Crowd of Fools attend him to the Grave,
A Crowd ſo nauſeous, ſo profuſely lewd,
VVith all the Vices of the Times endu'd,
That *Cowley's* Marble wept to ſee the Throng,
Old *Chaucer* laugh'd at their unpoliſh'd Song,
And *Spencer* thought he once again had ſeen
The Imps attending on his *Fairy Queen*;

Her little *Tib*, and *Tom*, and *Mib*, and *Mab*,
Come to lament the Death of Poet *Squab*.

But Burying is not all the Rites we owe,
Some other Obſequies we muſt beſtow:
Muſt ſo religious, ſo profound a VVit,
Be toſs'd like common Duſt into the Pit?
The Fates forbid! We'l ſurely fill the Plains
And neighb'ring VVoods with Elegiack Strains:
E'en *Newgate's* Chaplain, who in's Office fell,
Inſtructing Villains in the way to Hell;
He had the Muſes Paſs-port on his Herſe,
His Praiſes ſung in Everlaſting Verſe.
Nay, a *Dutch* Maſtiff late in State did lie;
My *Lady's Lap-dog* had an Elegy;
And ſhall not *Dr--n* have one *Oh! Fy, fy?*
Yes, ſay the *Oxford* and the *Cambridg* Sparks,
We'll ſing his Death as ſweet as any Larks;
Oxford and *Cambridg*, the renowned Schools,
Fam'd for a Breed of wiſe Men and of Fools,
VVhere Infant Wits, with water-gruel fed,
And little puny ſucking Prieſts are bred;
Where Conjurers employ their Time in Viſion,
Whence many a Learned *Saffold* has his Miſſion?
Theſe always march in Verſe in rank and file,
In Company purſue Poetick Toil;
Here a Battalion do's in *Engliſh* lead,
While one in *Latin* dos the Troopers head:
But ſuch the Wit and Senſe, you'd think the Elves
Did only write but juſt to pleaſe themſelves:
Pl---rd laments that he their Lines beſpoke,
And ſwears the Bookſeller is almoſt broke.

FINIS.

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